

BREWSTER

Played at Quarter.

His Work Excited General
Admiration.Best Man Cornell Has
Ever Had There.Purse Offered For Ruhl-
Jeffries Contest.Whittaker Asked to Meet an Unknown
—Local Sporting News.

Alf Brewster's playing at quarter for the Cornell team has excited the admiration of the Eastern foot ball critics. In the account of the Princeton-Cornell game it was erroneously stated that Finnuene had managed the Cornell team. Brewster was in the game from start to finish.

A special from Ithaca says: The players corrected the report that Finnuene played at quarter back against Princeton. Brewster filled the position throughout the game, and his work was almost marvelous. He is a freshman and promises to make Cornell the strongest quarter back she has ever had, not excepting Wyckoff or Charlie and George Young. He is as steady as a clock and has the nerve of a lion.

It may result that Cornell will be unable to have another contest with the Tigers, however, if the statement of an old Princeton foot ball graduate represents the general sentiment at Princeton. After the contest last night one of them told a prominent Cornell undergraduate that Princeton would drop the Ithacans after this year because the Cornell game was too hard a proposition for the Tigers to tackle in midseason. If this should result, which Cornell men strongly doubt, a game between Harvard and Cornell would probably be arranged for next season.

Cornell now has two hard propositions on her hands, the Lafayette and Pennsylvania games. It is probable that Coach Lewis, of Harvard, will be secured to assist Haughton immediately after the Harvard-Yale game.

Commenting on the above the Cleveland Leader says:

Al Brewster, of Akron, who is as well known in Cleveland through his mastery playing on the University School team for three years, played in the Cornell-Princeton game at quarter back instead of Finnuene, as was reported in the press dispatches. This is Brewster's first year at Cornell, and he is considered the best quarter back who ever wore a suit at that institution.

HAS AN OFFER.

Johnny Whittaker has received an offer from the Jackson, Mich., Athletic club. The organization agrees to hang up a purse of \$250 for a contest between Whittaker and an unknown. The Akron featherweight will not accept unless the amount of the purse is raised. He has grown tired of fighting for small purses. As he has proven that he is a dangerous proposition for the best of them it seems as though he should command a better purse.

STUART MAKES AN OFFER.

Dan Stuart, the well known Texas sport and promoter of the battle between Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City, over three years ago, is in New York. He declares that he is ready to talk business with any of the big fellows who are really anxious to fight.

"I am prepared to offer a sum for a battle between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries," said Stuart, "and will agree to pull off the encounter some time this winter or next spring. Carson City just now is the only place in the United States where finish contests between pugilists can be held without molestation from the authorities. Should it be impossible to bring Jeffries and 'Lanky Bob' together, I will arrange a match between Gus Ruhl and Jeffries. The public would like to see these two big men have it out in view of the fact that the men have already fought to a draw."

Stuart would not say how much money he would hang up for a battle between Ruhl and Jeffries or Fitzsimmons and the champion. It is said, however, that he will give \$15,000 for Jeffries and Ruhl and \$20,000 for the holiermaker and the Cornishman. Stuart, of course, expects to have pictures taken of the mills.

GIBBS AND NICKENS MATCHED.

After a year of argument Geo. Gibbs and Grant Nickens have at last been matched, and they will come together at Ashtabula, on Nov. 14. Rodger Williams, the backer and manager of Nickens, posted a forfeit for the weight and appearance last night, and Gibbs sent word that the forfeit would be covered at once. The men are to weigh in at 128 pounds at 3 o'clock the day of the contest.

ENDING FIRE.

The proposed match between Peter Maher, the "Irish Champion" and Gus Ruhl, the "Akron Giant" hangs fire because of the fact that no club has been found willing to hang up a proper sized purse for their contention, says Macon. This is rather odd, for when they met before their contest was one of the most exciting ever seen in the American ring, and I am sure if they ever meet again those who witness their endeavors will have no cause to regret the loss of the coin.

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It will cost to enable them to do so. Ruhl has determined not to lie idle longer, so he has engaged Denver Ed. Martin as sparring partner, and he is going on a tour in which he will agree to "stop all corners in four rounds" or forfeit a handsome monetary consideration. This is Billy Madden's "great act," one of his own invention, and it is one which has earned many a dollar for champions, big and little. I hope it may add materially to Ruhl's bank account.

THE DUBS DO 'EM.

Last night's scores between the D and F teams were as follows:

D Team	F Team
Carter	176 156 322
Snyder	126 143 269
Good	148 177 325
Wotaw	162 142 304
Whitmore	158 156 313
Markle	155 186 341
Shell	189 149 338
Heifer	121 121 242
French	159 134 293
Beery	168 126 294

Total 1562 1489 3051

F Team—

Prain	192 161 353
Chapman	159 171 330
Carter	182 158 341
Long	167 167 334
Wilson	129 129 258
Esselburn	153 129 282
Allen	125 134 259
Starr	123 169 292
Blanchard	197 128 325
Hearty	136 136 272

Total 1504 1484 2988

The D team captured the first game by 58 pins and the second game by only 5 pins. The F team bowled a very lucky game, as is evidenced by the totals of strikes and spares, else they would have been defeated by nearer 163 than only 63 in the totals for the two games. Next Wednesday evening the B and C teams will continue the debate.

FALLS TEAM'S CHALLENGE.

The Second High eleven of Cuyahoga Falls challenges any Akron team of average 120 pound weight to a game of foot ball. Address box 397, Cuyahoga Falls.

A Great Medicine.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phipps, of Potosi, Ark. "It cured me of bloody flux. I cannot speak too highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion, if not

The Errors of Society.

The dark blots that divorce makes in society are too easily seen and too sad to write much about, so I will give only a few incidents of the absurd and humiliating positions in which people may be placed: I once occupied a seat on the grand stand at the Newport Casino during a tennis match. After I had been in my seat a short time, a man I knew, once divorced, but remarried, came in with his new wife and occupied the two seats on my left, and a few moments later the woman from whom he had been divorced and who had also remarried came in with her new husband and sat directly on my right. Whether the ticket agent arranged this for a joke I am not prepared to say, but all went well until I grew tired of the game and got up, leaving the four in a straight row, which made an interesting picture for a few moments. The four soon realized, however, what people were staring at and smiling at, and looking daggers at one another, immediately rose and disappeared in the crowd. The incident amused the lads and misses very much.

A lady I know very well in New York, who was giving a dinner party, told me she always dreaded the arranging of her guests at her tables, lest she put people together whom the "law had set apart," as she put it. "It would be perfectly dreadful to seat a gentleman beside a lady to whom he is paying alimony,"—Smart Set.

The Court Needed Posting.

A trial was progressing at the City Hall police court when the judge espied in a group of young girls mingling in the large audience a delinquent witness whom it was urgent he interview. "Mr. Marshall," his honor exclaimed, "have that young lady step here."

"Which young lady, your honor?"

"I don't know her name—the one with the light straw hat and dark skirt," the court added. The clerk was insufficient.

"What kind of waist?" inquired the marshal.

"Ruffle on the sleeves and trimmed with—er—the usual sort of what d'you call 'em," said the court.

"Understand, you mean leg of mutton sleeves, with—er—what's his name attachments," replied the marshal in faint hope of striking the technical term.

"No; not exactly," said the judge.

"Would you recognize an empire gown if you saw one, Mr. Marshall?"

"Upon oath, no; I wouldn't swear to it."

"Well, I know it wasn't an empire gown or a Mother Hubbard. I don't think you understand much about female apparel."

But here the young lady generously stepped forward, while a little boy laughed, and the marshal threatened to send him to the penitentiary for life.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Painful Results of Stoutness.

A stout man lifted himself into a Heights car the other morning and took the only vacant seat. Pretty soon a lady came aboard, and the stout man quickly arose to tender her his place. As he reached a standing position the car suddenly started, and he sat down with a sound like a broken silt. Blushing deeply, he once more struggled to his feet and was about to step out into the aisle when the motorman saw a wagon on the track and directly applied the brakes. The car stopped so suddenly that the stout man doubled over on a thin young man in the front seat and almost cracked his slender neck. The young man pushed the dents out of his derby hat and muttered some remarks that were not complimentary to fat people in general.

Then the fat man braced himself for the third time, and the lady sympathetically remarked, "Please don't trouble yourself." But the fat man's spirit was up. He crowded out into the aisle and filled it so full that the lady could not get by him; then, with a polite wave of his hand, he indicated the seat and backed out of the way.

"Thank you!" said the lady very sweetly. "But I got off at the next stop."

Then the fat man went out and filled up the back platform.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Buying Fruit.

"The prudent man never buys the fruit which is marked with the highest prices, and his motive is not merely economy. He knows that the second grade fruit is ripe than the most expensive, which in nine cases out of ten is too green to be eaten immediately. It is held at high prices because the dealer knows that it will keep, and as it ripens and grows better fit for human consumption its price will be reduced. That is the stage of the fruit when the price is lowered for the first time. It is then ripe and in condition to be eaten. And the prudent man who doesn't always feel that he has got the best article only when he pays the most for it buys his fruit at the marked down price."—New York Sun.

Her Mind Easy.

"I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the mistress. "Aren't you nervous about the long voyage?"

"Well, ma'am," said Kitty calmly, "that's his lookout. I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me it'll be his loss, not mine."—Exchange.

As It Usually Happens.

"I suppose you had careful rearing, Mr. Courtney."

"No; I didn't have any rearing at all. My parents exhausted all their disciplinary enthusiasm on my elder brother, Bill."—Detroit Free Press.

It Was Scratched.

"Years ago in California," said a western man, "an acquaintance of mine was on a stagecoach that a pair of hands were lifted through the 44 passengers were all made to get out and stand in a row, with their hands held over their heads. One burly ruffian stood guard over them with a double barreled shotgun, while the other engaged in the pleasing task of relieving them of their valuables and spare cash."

"My friend was nearest the man with the shotgun. While the ceremonies were in progress his nose began to itch, and instinctively he started to lower one hand to scratch it. 'Hands up, there!' came the stern order, and his hand went automatically back into

place. But that itching redoubled, and again he essayed the reliever's scratch.

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?" demanded the highwayman. "Are you wishful to become a lead mine?" "My nose itches so I can't stand it any longer," tearfully explained my friend. "I simply have got to scratch it." "No, you hain't," ungrammatically corrected the knight of the road. "Cause I'll do it for you."

"And with that he proceeded to scratch the offending nasal organ with the muzzle of his shotgun. You can wager your shoes that that particular nose stopped itching with great abruptness."

Long Distance Tickets Wanted.

He was long, lean, lank and raw boned, and he shambled up to the ticket window at the Union passenger station much after the fashion of a scared canine when he approaches his master to receive a well earned thrashing. He got as far as the outside railing and stood there with a bashful blush gazing at the man behind the brass bars.

"Come in, come in. Make yourself at home," was the encouraging welcome from within. He accepted the invitation and brought up against the marble ticket counter with more confidence in his face.

"Say, that," he said in a half whisper to Harry Hansen, "is this the place where you get tickets for the tyars?"

"Yes. Where do you want to go?"

"Hurry up; we're rushed."

"Well, sir," he replied, shifting a square inch of plug tobacco from one cheek to the other, "hev you all got enny long distance tickets inter Kentucky?"

His case was equalled by that of the old lady with the sunbonnet who said: "I want a ticket to Platte county."

"Want place in Platte county?" inquired the ticket man.

"No place in Platte county. I want to go to Platte county, and it's none of your business where I'm going to visit. You sell me the ticket to Platte county, and I'll get there."—St. Joseph News.

A Curious Coincidence.

The letters "O N" might be supposed to possess a mysterious charm, as they form the termination of many of the most distinguished names in history. No other letters of the alphabet will furnish so remarkable a coincidence as may be found in the following list made up from ancient and modern names: Aaron, Solomon, Agamemnon, Solon, Blon, Phocion, Bacon, Newton, Johnson, Addison, Crichton, Porson, Buffon, Montfaucon, Titollson, Fenelon, Massillon, Warburton, Leighton, Lytton, Walton, Anacreon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Byron, Thomson, Tennyson, Anson, Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, etc.

A Greek scholar has called attention to a very curious coincidence about the name of Napoleon. If you take away the first letter of his name, you have "napoleon," take away the last letter of that word, and you have "napoleon," do this successively down to the last syllable, and you have "leon," "eon" and "on." Put these several words together in this order, Napoleon on leon on apoleon poleon, and you have a Greek phrase the literal translation of which is "Napoleon, being the lion of peoples, went about destroying cities."

Tennyson and Lighters.

Tennyson's well known aversion to lighters and their ways gave rise to many an odd experience. Once, it is said, he complained to Queen Victoria, saying that he could no longer stay in the Isle of Wight owing to the tourists who came to stare at him.

The queen, with a kindly irony, said that she herself did not suffer much from that grievance. But Tennyson, taking her literally, replied in the same strain.

"No, madam," said he, "and if I could clap a sentinel wherever I liked I should not be troubled either."

A Resourceful Waiter.

A very rich but miserly gentleman was in the habit of dining daily at a certain restaurant, but he never tipped the waiter who attended to his wants.

One day the long suffering waiter asked the gentleman "if he would condescend to accept his (the waiter's) photograph?"

"What for?" was the query.

"I thought it might make you remember the waiter, sir," was the quick reply.—London Tit-Bits.

Indefinite.

A notice which attracts the attention of many sojourners in a New Hampshire town is posted on the wall of the little railway station. The paper on which it is printed bears evidence of long and honorable service:

Notice: Looking either in or about this room is strictly forbidden, and must be observed.

Failure.

"Failure," says Keats, "is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid."

Defeats and failures have played a great part in the history of success. It is not pleasant to think that more or less of defeat is absolutely necessary to great success. But that it is true every student of history knows. Defeats and failures are great developers of character. They are the gymnasiums which have strengthened the muscles of number of the stamina, the backbone which have won victories. They have made the giants of the race by giving titanic muscles, brawny sinews, far reaching intellects.

How true it is that poverty often hides her charms under ugly masks! Thousands have been forced into greatness by their very struggle to keep the wolf from the door. She is often the only agent nature can employ to call a man out of himself and push him on toward the goal which she had fitted him to reach. Nature cares little for his ease and pleasure. It is the man she is after, and she will pay any price or resort to any expedient to live him on. She masks her own ends in man's wants and urges him onward, oftentimes through difficulties and obstacles which are well nigh disastrous, but ever onward and upward toward the goal.—Register.

The Boy Who Learned the Way.

He was very young—about 13—this

boy who spent most of his time in the studios watching the artists draw and paint and wishing he could do the same.

"What kind of pencils do you use?" he said one day, and they gave him one of the kind. That night he tried to make a figure he had seen one of the artists draw. It seemed so easy. But he could not do the same kind of work.

"Perhaps I haven't the right kind of paper," he reasoned. "I will get a piece tomorrow." Even the right kind of paper did not help him any.

"I need a studio and an easel," was his next conclusion. "I have the desire; surely all I need now are the necessary surroundings."

A few years of impatient waiting passed before he secured the "necessary surroundings," and when he had them all and still found it impossible to draw the truth dawned upon him.

"I know what is wrong," he cried, throwing down his pencil. "I know nothing of the principles of art. I must learn them first."

He was still young when his name as a great painter was known on two continents. He had learned the "principles." A bit of brown paper and a burned match would then enable him to draw as easily as all the art essentials.—Ann Partian in Success.

Holding His Job For Him.

"Of all the excuses I have ever heard from people for not paying their bills," said a collector for a prominent firm the other day, "I got the nearest today from a very wealthy man who owes the house a bill. No matter whether the bill is for \$10 or \$100, he always pays \$5. I have gone back the next week and got \$5 more, and once I went back twice in one week, and he paid me \$5 each time and seemed glad to see me. I got to know him pretty well, and the other day I asked him why he did not pay it all, as I knew he had the money."

"Well," said the old fellow, "if I pay you everything I owe you at one time you will collect so fast that pretty soon you will be out of a job for the want of something to collect."

"I don't know whether that was his reason or not, but I let the subject drop and am just going around there now for another \$5."—Memphis Scimitar.

Gounod's Opinions.

Music is the most beautiful art, but it is the most detestable profession. But is not that right? That which belongs most to heaven should fare worst on earth.

The public moves much faster than the individual, and therefore the individual must place himself before his age if he desires not to be behind it. Wagner has some idea of this sort. It is a necessity which every true artist must realize. Great men may be said to be for every age save their own. Small men are for their own and none other.—"Reminiscences," in Macmillan's.

The Congregation Smiled.

A certain clergyman when preaching extemporaneously touched on the subject of miracles. Some people, he said, had difficulty in accepting the miraculous stories of the Bible, as, for example, the story of the speech that Balaam's ass made to his master.

Looking solemnly at the congregation the preacher hammered in his contention with the remark, "Why should not God make an ass to speak—he made me to speak."—New York Tribune.

Tipped Up.

Mrs. Newrich—That Mrs. Hyatt is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't get funny.

Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she tried to trip me up today—asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."—Philadelphia Press.

His Ambition Realized.

Blobbs—When he was a little boy, he was always singing "I Want to Be an Angel."

Slobbs—And he died young, I suppose.

Blobbs—No; but he's had his wish gratified. He's backing Barnstormer's Colossal Aggregation of International Stars.—Philadelphia Record.

MENTAL INDIGESTION.

I met an aged gentleman who scribbled for the press. Who greeted me in accents and And evident distress.

Cried he: "The public palate, sir, I've tickled now for years With a very pliant goose quill (And a pair of office shears)."

"Mind the time when I could write, With unimpeded pen, Exerts of general interest that Took place within my ken. And, though the time is distant, sir, I recollect the days When readers were contented With truth in simple phrase."

"But now your paper you may print, But who the deuce will buy it? No one, unless you can concoct A strong, unwholesome diet. Transitory news is out of date, And nobody will take it, Unless you get a practiced hand Judiciously to take it."

"The consequence is simply this—I don't think there's a question—But every one is suffering From mental indigestion. 'Tis nature's law that every boom Is followed by a slump. As states of widest nature are Succeeded by the lump."

"And thus the public appetite Has been so grossly taxed That now it just declines to have Its palate titillated. 'Tis sick of national affairs, However large they loom; 'Tis tired of the windy puff And double-headed boom."

"To such apoplexy the thing has got That people now refuse To read a word about the Boers Or glance at Chinese news. The only thing that keeps us from Going bankrupt altogether Is the long reports of the Unprecedented weather."

—Punch.

Enforced the Rules.

Museum attendant: You'll please leave your umbrella or cane at the door, sir.

Visitor: Very proper regulation. But it happens I have neither.

Attendant:—Then go and get wan. No one is allowed to enter unless he leaves his umbrella or cane at the door. You may read the card for yourself, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

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